

# Dixie Chicken

Little Feat

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis, and the Commodore Hotel  
and underneath the streetlamp, I met a southern belle  
Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell  
and in that southern moonlight, she sang a song so well

CHORUS

If you'll be my dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb  
and we can walk together down in Dixieland, down in Dixieland  
Well we made all the hotspots, my money flowed like wine  
and then that low-down southern whiskey, began to fog my mind  
and I don't remember church bells, or the money I put down  
on the white picket fence and boardwalk, of the house at the edge of town  
oh but boy do I remember, the strain of her refrain  
and the nights we spent together, and the way she'd call my name

CHORUS

Well it's been a year since you ran away,  
yes that guitar player should could play  
she always liked to sing along,  
she's always handy with a song  
and then one night in the lobby, yeah, of the Commodore Hotel  
I chanced to meet a bartender, who said he knew her well  
and as he handed me a drink, he began to hum a song  
and all the boys there at the bar, began to sing along

CHORUS